

*Philadelphia, August 5, 1837.*

is as regretted of and corrected, be visited with his anger in eternity.

It is true that the creation of all classes and the common business of life are not of the Sabbath-day; but it is a thing so established in our constitution, that it becomes indeed to violate the Sabbath, if we do not observe it; yet, unhappily, we too frequently observe that the Sabbath is broken in an individual, but in quite uncalculated instances, where more open and notorious instances. How often, for example, is the day fixed upon for some domestic or social recreation, or some public or social recreations which the body may need, but which exclude the soul from the refreshment and sustenance! And how often is the day employed in the profane assemblies of the ungirdly for intemperance and debauchery, by "drunkenness, revel-

[illegible]

THE LADIES' FRIEND.

By the by, *cherie amie*, you would be not a little shocked, could you but witness the free and easy cynicism of the men of fashion, here in London, who, in the face of the most flagrant and enormous amounts to insolence; yet they do not mean it, no, they only mean to be at their ease; but this precludes any well bred woman from feeling at ease in their society. They are at once non-hand and familiar; make no ceremony of talking to the house of commons, the political questions of the day, their hunting or shooting, or, in fact, all that peculiarly concern themselves; rarely, ever, introducing those topics which are generally supposed to be the most agreeable to women.

The Comtesse Hohenblinden told me, that here ladies are obliged to study the tastes and passions of the gentleman, in order to find favor in the eyes of these lords of the creation. Is not this dreadful degradation to our sex? Only fancy oneself talking of horses, and not only talking of visiting them in their stables! Fancy their setting, and keeping books in which are entered not *les dames pensent à dames*, but the wagers they have made, and the odds *pour et contre*—his would not be believed in France; *mais c'est un fait, je vous jure*.

Here, a lady who wishes to captivate, relies not on her charms, but on her tact, and the

The only chance of defeat consists in the number of competitors for his favour.

If a man be fond of theatricals, then each lady who aspires to win him is dying to act too. She discovers that the amateur far excels the actor on the stage. His tragic acting is so affecting; his comedy, so amusing; his love scenes, so touching; his death scenes, so sublime! He is the only Romeo alive, and is supposed to be selected as his Juliet.

Military men are courted by the female admirers flocking to reviews, and doting on mar-

It is thus that ladies in English administration find the weakness of the "sterner sex," and subjugate them (*apogee* of the word subjugate, a man said two days ago), that subjugate and congregate were synonyms: while you, in *la belle France*, exact that deferential homage which is woman's due, and to which she cannot resign her claims, without being guilty of a want of respect toward

The long war took so many men away, that owing to their scarcity, they became more in demand, and the claimants were so numerous, that the claimed grew saucy. This, I imagine, first led to the unnatural system of the men being courted instead of courting; a practice to which they have now become so used, that I know not now it is ever to be eradicated. A French gentleman would expect—ay, and exact, too—more attention than a London fine lady finds of meeting from the men of her circle.

Men make it a general accusation against us as a sex, that we are ill-natured, unfair, pitiless in judging one another. They say that when women get together, "at every word a reputation dies!" they say as a savage proves his heroism by displaying in grim array the torn scalp of his enemies, so a woman thinks she proves her virtue by exhibiting the mangled reputation of

My friends, they say—but there is no end to the petty impertinences, and the end of rhymes from Pope, who has been writing at us on this subject. I have one more to add, so eloquently natural, and so treating with utter simplicity, that a woman can possibly elevate herself in the eyes of one of her sex by degrading, or suffering to be degraded, one of her own; and to their censures they are right—quite right; but wrong—quite wrong, in attributing this, our most proximately, to ill-nature and jealousy. Ignorance is the main cause; ignorance of our selves and others: and when I have heard and seen acquaintance commencing with a spiteful and a slightly levity on the delinquencies and

And in the stillness of sacred thought  
To still *desires*, yet still *enriches* themselves  
In lowliness of heart.

**WOMAN AT THE COUCH OF SICKNESS**

I have to see her by the couch of sickness—  
Maintaining the faintest head—offering to the  
Marched lip its cordial—to the craving palate its  
Simple nourishment / Treating with *conscious*

"Let the bright hair drop down  
 Above the breast, about my bed,  
 Like a burning forest, all in view,  
 To-day my loving is as yesterday."  
 disposing the sunlight upon the pale forehead  
 scattering the hair with the ornaments, and setting  
 it upon it from the summer easiness of the  
 breath of heaven? How lovely are such exhibi-  
 tions of ever-during constancy and faith!—how  
 they appeal to the soul! like the lover in the  
 A. articles, whose fingers, when she rose to open  
 the door to her beloved, dropping with sweet  
 trembling with upon the handle of the latch,

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